

Cyberworld (Part 3)

Novus Peregrine



You shudder as a spike of pleasure pulls you out of your zone. Thankfully, you've already finished the lap and are slowing down as you approached the turn off for the track's garages. Even as you downshift, you fight the urge to squirm, the vibrator trapped under your chastity belt still pulsing away in the pattern Mistress Aylia

chose for today's test. Desperately distracting yourself by glancing at your latest lap time, now showing on your heads up display as you angle off the track, you...almost whimper at the result. You shaved another three full seconds off your lap time. Which *is* a cause for celebration, admittedly. But it also means that your Captain-cum-Mistress is going to keep pushing your current training regime. It's been...effective. You'll admit that. But as your instinctive low moans and desperate desire to just pull over and do *anything* in an effort to cum indicate...it's also been more than a little maddening.



You aren't sure if you're relieved or disappointed when, the moment you pull into the garage, the vibrations stop. They always do, of course. But that doesn't mean you wouldn't vastly prefer them to power up for a few moments instead. You know, enough to make you actually *cum*. It isn't as if anyone but Mistress Aylian is around to see it, anyway...



Speaking of your Captain, she doesn't hesitate to pull you in for a searing kiss the moment you remove your helmet and dismount your bike. You moan into that kiss with desperate passion...and whimper when she pulls back with a chuckle.

“Not here, pet. You know the rules. Though...you *did* shave more time off your run. I think we’re dialing in on the right *conditions*, as it were. So maybe that deserves a *little* reward...”

Your Mistress taps the fingers of her cybernetic arms together and you moan, your vibe having turned on again...but only on low.



You whimper as Aylan spins you around and pins you against a workbench. She gives you another searing kiss...then moves away from your lips to place butterfly kisses all along your jaw. You plea with your eyes, your voice not coherent enough to beg, even as she sucks on your pulse point and caresses the outer shell of

your hardsuit. You can barely feel that pressure through its armor...but the action adds to the teasing nonetheless. Doubly so since you already know, despite your pleading eyes, that she won't actually push you over the edge. You're proven right when, a few moments later, she deactivates the vibe and pulls away.

"Go take a shower and get dressed. We were here pretty late, so I'll take care of the bike this time. We can catch a bite on the way home...and *maybe* have some more fun later. If you're good."

Trying to suppress another whimper, legs more than a little wobbly, you push upright and make your way to the showers with an unsteady step...



You hate cold showers enough that, even knowing the myth that they help, you still don't set the locker room's shower to anything less than scalding. Despite that, and a slight case of wandering hands, your body *does* slowly cool down from your painful levels of arousal. For now, at least. You know the teasing is unlikely to end

just because the *official* purpose of it is done for the day. Despite the fact that Aylia's insane idea to combine your 'Zone' with 'Sub Space' actually seems to be *working*, you know at the heart of things that she only got the idea in the first place because she loves playing with you like this. Loves the complete control of your pleasure and orgasm. She only turned it to this *particular* purpose when you made the...mistake? Possibly not a mistake, you suppose. But, it was still the mention of how you had come to identify entering your 'zone' state with arousal, during your races while working under Madam Lyn, that had given your new Captain her idea.



Ever since you first mentioned it, Mistress Aylia has taken the idea and run with it. First came the introduction of the remote vibrator. Then a series of tests about how your arousal levels affected your ability to enter the 'zone.' After a series of such tests and some...non-work-related fun at home...she'd eventually hit on the

idea that you could possibly combine Sub Space with your 'zone.' You'd thought she was crazy at first...until she spent three days tormenting you until you entered Sub Space at the least suggestion, desperate to actually get relief. You'd cut nearly five seconds off your lap time right after...and more time since then as your Mistress perfected the right mix of frustration, arousal, and reward required to get you into the exact right mental state for optimal racing. It was insane...but it had *worked*. That didn't really make it less insane, as far as you were concerned, and no matter what *she* said. But the fact that you were now not just in the *finals* generally, but actually one of the final six racers of your circuit...spoke volumes. Admittedly, some of that was due to increased access to track time and resources...but not all of it was. And you know that as much as Aylia does. Unfortunately.



You were, of course, right that your Mistress wouldn't be able to keep herself from teasing you more. Your only consolation as you try not to embarrass yourself in public, is knowing how stupid the face she is making as she watches you looks. Though, honestly, could she have at least waited for you to finish your burger first?! You're damn near as hungry as you are horny after spending several hours at the track...



It's only when you finally get back to your shared apartment that the constant torment stops. Of course, your...rules...mean that your arousal isn't going to fade completely. Not only is the vibe still in place, shifting whenever you move, but Mistress Aylia forbid you from wearing clothes at home the first morning after she took

over your contract. Inside the apartment, unless you have guests, you're only allowed two items of clothing...and you have no choice about those. One, of course, is your chastity belt. The other is the custom-made collar your Mistress presented you with a week into testing the waters between you. To your embarrassment at the time, it turned out that you were more into that sort of thing than you'd realized. Even now the very act of wearing it causes a constant low level of arousal to be your companion. Even when you're just doing paperwork...



Of course, your constant state of undress *does* come with a nice side effect. Aylia still finds you...and your predicament too...just as hot as the day she first laid eyes on you. Which means *your* predicament and lack of clothing results in *her* being aroused. Which does very good things for your sex life! When she's not actively

tormenting you, at least. The rule that you're *never* allowed to touch your own pussy is one that she makes sure you keep. But that doesn't mean *she's* not willing to play with it. You only hope that, tonight, she'll do more than just tease. Given how well you did on the track today, you figure there's a better chance than usual to get some sort of completion...



Your mistress murmurs encouragement between moans as you do your desperate best to please her. You've grown used to the limitation of not having your hands to work with and you know her every sensitive bit and preference by now! You *will* make her cum. You just hope that she'll be a kind mistress tonight and return the favor...



You gasp in relief as he does just that. Despite the teasingly slow approach she takes...you know from the moment that her tongue touches your lower lips that it's going to be a good night! There's a subtle difference in her body language when she decides between teasing you and making you cum so hard and so many times

that you almost beg for your belt back. There's rarely anything between the two and you know that tonight is going to be the latter. You don't care to question why, not for now, simply bucking your hips and half-howling into her pussy as your first release is granted to you...



The next morning, at 'daily inspection' you find out why she was so willing to *completely* satiate you the previous night. You smile at her touch, even as you feel a bit of mixed emotion at what she'd telling you.

“So. The big race is five days from now. I’ve got the right settings dialed in for you and we’ll be running through them daily. *But*...your belt isn’t coming off again until you *win*. If you win, you’ll get a special reward. If you don’t...than you’ll be locked in your belt and denied any chance to cum until I decide you’ve made it up to me. Clear?”

You nod, softly saying ‘yes, mistress,’ and she smiles.

“That said...you *will* get to cum before the race. Once a day, at the end of practice. Frustration and desperation only work to a certain degree at enhancing your performance. Those orgasms, however, will be *by remote control only*. This, I feel, will give you the best mix of a frustrating incentive to win without negatively impacting your performance.”

You breath a sigh of relief at that. It’s...still going to suck, the remote orgasms at the hands of the vibe often leave you feeling a bit unsatisfied. But they are still a heck of a lot better than nothing. Aylia chuckles at your sigh, caresses your cheek, then turns you around and sets you off to get dressed with a slap to an entirely different cheek...



The next four and a half days are a mix of hard work and maddening arousal. Instead of just playing with you during track time and a bit after...Alyian sticks with you through the entire day. She fiddles with the remote to your vibrator constantly, keeping you horny and on edge...and still only allowing you the one climax a day.

Even when she plays with you for hours *after* that climax. Is frustrating...and hot...and you *really* hope she doesn't do this before *every* race in the future. Or, well, part of you hopes that she *does*. But you're pretty sure that part of you is insane and you'll never actually admit to it...probably.



Finally, the day of the race comes, and you find yourself lined up with just five other racers. The Race Queen, still a common sight at this barely-above-amateur level of racing, holds her hand up in signal. In truth, it's mostly for show, since everyone that made it this far is equipped with HUDs. You hadn't been, before signing

with the Valkyries...but it was one of the many upgrades they'd given you immediately. Without their help, you'd never have made it past the quarter finals. All the racers *here*, today, were already-scouted junior members of teams, just like you. You'd hoped to get here *next year*, not this year. And you admit there's a certain thrill threatening to pop the half-Zone/half-Sub-Space that Alyian triggered in you as you left the garage...

A moment after almost losing that mental place, the final countdown starts and you firm up your zone instinctively. Then, the Race Queen's arm drops, your HUD flashes green...and you're off!



The finals course for the Silver League is the only one hosted on an upper-leaguer track. Specifically, on one of the lesser Platinum League courses. Like all Speed Cycle races, it's a road course of sorts...but this one is out in the open, where camera drones can film every second of action. Once, it might have made you nervous. But,

if any added advantage comes from Aylia's odd methods...it's that the mix of Sub Space and Zone has utterly narrowed your focus. Thinking of anything but the track and your Mistress's promise of a reward is so far from your mind that it can't touch you. Despite being arguably the least experienced racer to have made it this far, by the third and final lap you've crept up neck and neck with the leader...



And in the final turn, you make a seemingly-impossible corner, actually counting on the sheer forces involved to let you ride the curb of the final turn in a bone-jarring maneuver you'd probably have never tried in a right state of mind. Out of the turn, for the first time and at the most important moment...you steal the lead.

Understanding barely registers in your mind as your helmet flares with the bright silver that marks the winner of any Silver League race! And then, you almost lose control of the bike as the cheering penetrates and sub space drops out from under you. You blink, managing to keep the cycle under control only by dint of sheer spinal reflex. Thousands of hours of practice keep you in motion, your body and hands moving on autopilot to pull you into the winners lane.

Rather than all the many things you probably ought to be thinking in this moment of triumph, your first thought is 'oh, awesome, I'm totally going to get to cum!' You blush under your helmet at that, thankful you hadn't removed it yet...even as all those other things come rushing in to pile on top of that realization. Yes, you're going to get your reward. But this is also the culmination of your dreams. And that overwhelms even your painful arousal enough to bring a blinding smile to your face as you remove your helmet and wave hugely at the cheering crowd...



There were *hours* of celebration. Official, unofficial, agonizing and wonderous both. All of it came rushing at you and through you in a blur. Mercifully, Aylia actually didn't tease you until near the end, when the only ones still lingering were your future teammates. She knew, understood in a way no one but another racer could, what this meant to you. And, just for those few hours, she laid off anything but genuinely being happy for you.

Of course, she *had* begun to use your remote at the end. Starting with brief flutters of pleasure and working you up until it was all you could do not to give the game away. And then...she'd taken you home.

"Well, pet...congratulations are in order! Not only did you win...but you earned your special surprise in doing so! I've had something brought in just for you. I'd say just for tonight...but I honestly expect we'll keep it. It looks far too fun not to!"



You gaped at first as she showed you what she had in store for you...but not for long. Soon, she has you on all fours, bound tight in the frame she'd placed on your shared sunken table. Chastity belt removed, Aylia strips down in front of you even as the makeshift fucking-machine slowly builds up steam. Already extremely

aroused, you're nearly ready to cum by the time it builds up to speed, barely a dozen strokes in. To your surprise, your Mistress doesn't try to micromanage. Instead, she lets you cum...and just keeps watching. Thanking good genetics and lots of experience for the fact that you're genuinely multi-orgasmic, you do your best to just embrace the sensations as the machine starts to randomize it's actions after that first peak. You're unsure if the timing was coincidence or something triggered by your mistress...and as moans spill from your lips without your brain getting involved, you decide you don't really care either way.



After two more climaxes, the machine slows...but doesn't stop. You manage to focus a bit, having nearly blacked out with the third peak, and abruptly realize Aylia is standing in front of you wearing her favorite strapon. It's a simple toy, with a strong bullet vibe built into the harness. Your Mistress loves it as, by luck more

than design, the fixed-position bullet vibe is perfectly positioned for her clit. Able to sense simple motion, its built-in bullet vibe reacts to the motion of thrusting, giving Aylia a burst of pleasure whose strength matches the power of her thrust. Right now, she's tapping your lips with it and you open up obediently.

"Best get it *thoroughly* wet, luv. It's going in your ass...and the machine isn't set to stop for hours yet. So if you want it to be fun instead of painful, you're going to want it good and slippery!"

Eyes widening as you slowly process that, you gulp and redouble your efforts on the dildo...



Aylian is as good as her word...though she *does* apply some actual lube to your ass first, causing you to let out an odd sigh-moan of relief that she was, at least partially, just messing with you. She's deadly serious about the double penetration, however...and you groan a bit in discomfort as she works her way in. You've only

rarely been double penetrated...and neither toy is exactly *small*. Still, with all the pleasure chemicals floating through your blood at the moment, the discomfort fades quickly in a haze of euphoria. And when your mistress starts to move, attempting to counterpoint the in thrusts of the fucking machine with her own withdrawals, the sensation is *unreal*. Unreal...and quite quickly rather addicting. You're quite sure you're going to be feeling this one tomorrow...but as your lover begins to moan in time with her thrusts, you really can't find it in you to care.

For tonight, at least...this is perfect. Tomorrow will take care of itself. And, somehow, you're certain that your Mistress will take care of you too. You were not at all certain what would happen that day, when she took over your contract. What your new life would end up looking like. But this...this, you think you could get used to. Though, two years of this might irrevocably turn your mind to horny mush. And possibly reshape your pussy after your mistress's favorite toys. As you cum again, even harder than before, somehow, neither of those things seem all that bad...

<<End Cyberworld Part 3>>